

Time Intermittences

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Summary: So this is where I will post my short stories for the 2nd Year Arc V 30 day Challenge, um I honestly don't think I will make all of them but I'll try to make as much as possible

1. Day 1: Bang!

****Day 1: BANG!****

****a sudden loud, explosive noise, as the firing of a gun:****

****slammed the door with a bang.****

****a strong, violent blow: a nasty bang on the head****

There are times when Sora hears some balloon pop, an exhaust pipe or distant fireworks and his first automatic response is suppressing the flinch and dodge.

Which is completely stupid, he is a spy, a trained soldier, and as an elite Academia warrior he has studied this dimension beforehand he knew the specifics of its customs and everyday rituals, he knew they weren't at war with anyoneâ€¦ yet; these sounds were nothing but people living their lives, it shouldn't make him want to run away for his.

****_BANG*_****

He felt frozen into place unable to breath for a couple seconds _'which is not good, lives are lost in mere seconds during a battlefield'_ he shouldn't be allowing himself to grow complacent, but he needed to if he was to mingle in Maiami City, it was ironic really.

"Sora! It's your turn!" he hears Yuzu say through the communicator and realizes Yuya has been waiting for his move as well, _'Right'_

Yuya's monsters were always so lively.

"Got it! got it! Yuya Get ready for showtime!"

And Yuya smiles at his choice of words, he can hear Yuzu giggling at this too even if he can't see her. _'Ridiculous'_ he thinks even as he feels his mouth lift and a cheeky grin makes its way on his face.

"The fun has just begun!" Which of course earned him another round of smiles in which he joined wholeheartedly.

Yet, he knew one day all of this would end with a bang a real one this time.

2. Day 2: Yesterday

****Day 2: Yesterday****

****the day immediately preceding today****

****(often plural) the recent past****

It felt like it was just yesterday that he had first met Yuya Sakaki.

Admittedly part of it was because it was precisely yesterday that he had formally introduced himself to the boy.

No, the time he's thinking about is much farther away, during a time of his life that in three whole years he has not allowed himself to dwell in. A time he would carefully label as happiness - blissful ignorance was far more fitting, he realized that now - where his only real worries had been his studies and fulfilling his parent's expectations.

A time where he still dueled for fun.

He still remembered the first time he had seen Yusho Sakaki in an Action Duel, with his wide smiles, his dashing movements and shining performance, 'A true Entertainer' he was the very first person in his life to make a real impression on him even if he had caught it just in a live feed, he would never forget his mother surprise when he requested to be taken to one of his live shows, Nakajima would later confess that the Madame had been concerned of his Å¼ber-excitement during that one meal.

It had been then a wise decision to that she didn't have to see him in an awed state in the crowd, cheering along with them, yelling at Yusho's request and standing up to applaud him once it all ended.

It had been at his own insistence that Reiji had made Nakajima accompany him to the backstage - one of the few times he had made use of the Akaba family name for purely selfish reasons - if only to catch a glimpse of the man who made him smile.

And unsurprisingly he wasn't the only one, there was another boy, younger than him, waiting outside he eyed him curiously but looked away immediately probably taking notice of the bodyguards behind

Reiji, still he moved to the side of the bench, making an unspoken invitation.

How kind of him.

As Reiji waited he stole glances at the boy next to him, he had a strange combination of red and green hair and bright red eyes to match there was a trembling uncertain quality to them that made him curious, somehow something about it seemed familiar.

Once the door finally opened that uncertain ghost fled away from the boy's eyes as he dashed to the arms of Yusho Sakaki while yelling 'daddy' over and over, as he looked at them both he realized it:

He was Yusho's son, and looking at them now together with the same features, eye shape and dashing smile, it was clear as day, once he was done processing the fact he got up from his seat and bowed to them thanking him for the great show, he almost jolted when he felt a hand on his hair.

"Thank you, for keeping company to Yuya"

Reiji felt a strange unfamiliar warmth at his chest looking again at their smiles this time directed just at him.

It was a feeling he had never quite forgotten, even if yesterday he had failed to feel the same way at seeing Yuya's current smile, a painful, forced smile that failed to reach his eyes.

3. Day 3: Fairytales

****Day 3 - Fairytale****

****A story involving fantastic forces and beings such as fairies, wizards, and goblins.****

****A story in which improbable events lead to a happy ending****

****A made-up story usually designed to mislead.****

"And so spent the rest of her days in the desolated Moon with only a white rabbit to make her company" He finished closing the book hoping to see a sleepy face, instead he was now looking at a very wide-eyed Yuzu.

"So, that's why you can see a bunny in the moon?" she asked directing a sad glance at the window.

"That's right" he responded failing to suppress a yawn, but looking at Yuzu's puffed cheeks he knew he wouldn't be getting any sleep, not soon anyway.

"I thought fairy tales were supposed to have happy endings" she complained.

"Not all of them do, it all depends on the actions of the people in them Yuzu" he attempted to explain. "In this case is not good idea to drink something if you don't know what's in it"

Then again maybe Houyi should have labeled the bottles or keep them out of sight for safety but common sense was nor particularly abundant in these stories.

Either way that seemed to be a good enough answer for Yuzu as she finally plopped down on her bed, still facing the moon.

"Well sweetie, Daddy needs his sleep too, good night" he said as he tucked her in the sheets, even if he knew they would be made a mess in the morning.

"Daddy, could Mom also be trapped? And that's why she can't come home with us?" she asked not facing him, but he knew she was staring at her bracelet.

"â€|Who knows, maybe" he hated every word that came out from his mouth when she asked about that. "There are only so many things that can keep a mother from their children"

"â€|Maybe when I get bigger and stronger I can find her and get her out then"

"â€|Who knows?"

4. Day 4: Costume

****DAY 4 - COSTUME****

****Style of dress typical of a particular nation, group, or historical period:****

****Clothing of period, place, etc., or for a particular occasion such as a party****

****Clothing, a set of garments selected for wear at a single time; outfit; ensemble.****

Sometimes it felt like Yuya was always wearing a costume.

He was the son of Yusho and Yoko Sakaki, childhood friend of Yuzu and Gongenzaka, middle school student, mentor to Futoshi and Ayu, student of Yushow Duel School, all of them neatly assembled and ready for him to wear accordingly to the occasion.

And when either one of them failed he always had his precious goggles as a safety net, if his eyes were hidden then nobody would notice his trembling eyes and the tears gathering at the corner of them.

"Oi! Look whose coming over there!"

"Oh? Isn't that the Sakaki boy? The son of that good-for-nothing cowa-"

None of the children got to finish the sentence before the cowered before the two figures appearing behind them: Gongenzaka and Yuzu giving them epic glares to anyone who dared to speak ill of him.

Of course once they remembered the last time they tempted their luck, they all ran.

"It's ok Yuya they left" he heard Yuzu say nearing to his side, and not so discretely looking for any signs of harm.

"It's all good, it's ironic that they speak of cowardice when they don't have the guts to stand by their statements"

"Yeah, don't let them get to you Yuya, don't ever believe what they say".

"No of course not"

But he did believe it, it stung like a glass splinter to his chest every time too, but even so he still returned the smile they both gave him.

Yes sometimes Yuya felt like he wore costumes, colorful, shiny and convincing ones, but that was all they were:

'Lies, a fraud'

He really was a coward.

5. Day 5: Uniform

****_Day 5 " Uniform_****

****_Identical, the same, or consistent, as from example to example or place to place: a uniform building code._****

****_Without changes in detail; constant; not changing: a uniform surface, without dents._****

dress of distinctive style worn by the members of a given profession, organization, or rank:****

_'__It's just another uniform'_ he says to himself.

It's been so long since the last time Dennis wore another set of clothes that wasn't his Academy's provided ones (even sleepwear) that he had forgotten what he looked like without them, it wasâ€|. Unsettling.

It was a bit embarrassing to admit that it made him feel almost lost, tiny, insignificant even, his standard wardrobe always gave him a sense of normalcy, and sense of belonging, no matter how bad he screwed up the day's exercises as long as he showed up next day wearing it and giving the proper salute his superiors would nod at him and a sense of relief would wash over him.

It was just his luck that his current predicament was yet a result of training

If this wasn't yet another task, another milestone to become a full-fledged member of the spy branch he doesn't know if he could make it to the end of the week, the stares, the sneers and the whispers weigh down on him like a boulder.

"Good job, Macfield" he hears his instructors tell him.

He makes a full bow to both of them while they scribble away some notes and hand him back his clothes, the real ones this time, he almost commits the mistake of hugging them to his chest in relief.

"The Professor wants to see you, he has a special assignment for you"

To this he does slightly jolt which while not unnoticed doesn't earn him a glare like usual, if anything they look amused at his reaction, but still he does not budge and he gives the most dignified salute he can as a thank you.

'Finally'

As he waits outside the Professor's quarters, he looks down on his official Academy pin, pride swelling in his heart.

It was all worth it.

6. Day 6: Happy 2 Year Anniversary!

****_Day 6 " Happy Two Year Anniversary!_****

****_The date of an important past event that is celebrated or remembered every year_****

****_The celebration of an anniversary, esp. of a wedding_****

****_of or relating to an anniversary:_****

As guests continue to arrive to greet them half of the time Yoko can't help but wonder who in earth half of these people are.

Of course she finds solace in the fact that Yusho made sure all their close friends would sit with them but seeing that both herself and her beloved husband have no close family (at least not one that acknowledges as daughter in her case) it still leaves them with a tiny table surrounded by a dozen of tables full of strangers.

Most of them compromised by press members and fans.

Just a year before she would have never imagined that something as mundane as their 2nd year of being married would be met with such fanfare by the citizens of Maiami, she should feel flattered she supposes but they are not here for her, they're not here even for Yusho; they are here to bask in his light, in his fame.

If she was less of person she may find it disgusting.

Just as she's about to say yet another practiced greeting to a representative of Leo Corporations no less " presenting both apologies and a present from the CEO and his wife in their stead _supposedly_ " the lights go out and murmurs fill the room.

Of course it's so like him to make a dramatic entry.

And then an explosion of colors and lights from behind her spot make

her jump in surprise, next thing she knows she's swoop down her feet as she is enveloped in a pair of arms.

"LAADIEEEEESSSS AAAND GENTLEMAN!" calls booming voice from the speakers, which she recognizes as Shuzo-kun hot-headiness.

"Please stand together to celebrate the love shared by my two dearest friends: Yusho and Yoko Sakaki!"

As her sight clears up and a raring applause fills her senses now she looks up to him, and the smile he gives her is enough to let go of everything and then he hands over the mic and she understands:

"THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN!"

7. Day 7: Duel Fuel

****Day 7 â€" Duel Fuel****

****_Matter that can be burned to create heat or power, such as coal, wood, oil, or gas_****

****_Something that maintains, encourages, or stimulates_****

Walking down the once plaza he can feel the smell of powder fills his nostrils, it accompanies the dry wind along with bits of ashes and sparks, as he passes by the fallen citizens of Heartland he watches how all the cards disappear in sickly green glow.

It all makes for such a beautiful sight.

Yuri feels more than hears a rustle behind him he feels tugs_, _he is_ itching_, ****_hungry_****; but it's instantly let down as the only people he glances at are a bunch of scurrying Red's soldiers not worth his time not even good enough to fuel the Professor's goal.

Uninteresting all of them.

He hates when it happens, the disappointment leaving him to feel restless and emptyâ€| _and the itch still won't go_ _'Damn it'_

Ugh, another trash scurrying away surely, and as the tugs get more and more insistent he resolves that no matter who is, or how boring they are, they will become hi- its new diversion.

"Hey, hey _take it easy_ Yuri remember to breathe in and out, in an d out-"

"_Dennis_, save your useless chatter or fight me" he bites out feeling the taste of ashes in his mouth.

"Bad day eh? Luckily here I am to serve you as usual, look" he says handing him a picture of another bracelet this time with a green gem in it.

He doesn't need to see Dennis furrowed brow â€" no matter how much he tries to hide it behind his smile - to know the smile is creeping on his face as they speak.

And the beast inside of him calms down, biding its time.

8. Day 8: Reunion

****Day 8 â€" Reunion****

****_The act of uniting again._****

****_The state of being united again._****

****_A gathering of relatives, friends, or associates at regular intervals or after separation_****

There she is again.

With her pigtailed hair and her blue hair adornments, she's wearing yet another set of clothes it matters not, he catches a rose glint from her bracelet and he knows it's her this time.

His body is instantly fill with ache as she is too far away from his grasp, he wants to stand by her, to hold her hand, to hold her tight and never let go, except of course to get a good look at her just to reassure himself that she's really there and not going anywhere this time, but more than anything he wants to see her smiling at him again, the mere memory of it making the ache worse tenfold.

But she is not smiling.

She look at him with an odd expression, he taps back into his feelings and remembers the right word for it: sorrow, tears and _horror._ Not just that she isn't just looking at him, she's looking at the open gate and the energy surrounding him and the rest of his pieces.

'FINALLY YOU ARE ALL HERE, NOW BECOME ONE, REVIVE, LIVE AND _DESTROY_'

The voice sounds so close to his own and yet so different, but it's soothing because he finally understands, those feeling of emptiness, of isolation, of feeling incomplete, it all makes sense as now.

Just as the voice resonates again he steals one last look at _her_, the last one before he loses himself.

_ '__We will become one'_

9. Day 9: Void

****Day 9 â€" Void****

****_Empty space; emptiness._****

****_A state or feeling of loss_****

****_(in cards) lack of cards in a suit_****

_ '__It's cold' _

That is the only thought that crossed his mind when he finally opens his eyes, taking in his new surroundings, he is in a white room, in a white bed, with white sheets and clothes, he clenches his hand over and over and notices there is a tube injected into his arm.

Before he can wonder if the clear liquid is responsible for his drowsiness he hears steps and a door open.

The sensation of his muscles tightening and his need to curl into a ball are slow, way too slow and he cannot have that, they will get to him and his body won't listen to an instinct that should already be grabbed into his core.

But then the click and clack he hears are unfamiliar sounds, and the gait rhythm too slow to belong to the ones he associates with the masked people.

Then two tall individuals are staring down at him, he recognizes the female form with its red colors all over herself, even on the cold smile that is a shade of red a little too _familiar_ to find comfort in looking at it.

But the other figure draws his attention, almost as tall as the female one, but this one is male and a slightly more of the broad side than hers, they both look similar in stance and features but none of them seem to have a scoop of aggression in them and that is all it matters.

"What is your name?" the male figure asks.

He only stares at him now that he has moved closer he can only assume he need to be alert.

"The government was already in shambles when they found him, any records of him have most likely disappeared, and thus he is no one." The female figure replies in his place.

"_'__No one'_ you say? Then how aboutâ€| Reira?" the other figure asks back.

"Reiji-san are you asking me toâ€|?"

"Mother please, I was asking _him_" he says and he found himself staring at a pair of purple eyes rimmed by red frames. "How are you feeling Reira?" and before he can scurry away a hand is positioned on top of his head.

And it's the first time in a long time since he felt anything like this.

"It'sâ€| " He hears a voice saying, almost not realizing it's his own. "â€|warm"

10. Day 10 - Lancer

Day 10 â€" Lancer

A cavalryman armed with a lance

****_A member of a regiment retaining such a title_****

The truth pierces through the audience along with the roars, the crying and the indignation of the audience, once it settles in them that the scrawny teens in the middle of the arena are the same as the ones who fought in the Battle Royale the applause that they give them is deafening to the point of almost making her dizzy.

Serena is now a Lancer.

_"__Lancers are soldiers known to ride a horse and wield a spear through their enemies!"_

The realization settles with surprising ease in her chest, even if she knows that she is now a traitor too, to the Fusion dimension, to the Duel Academy and to the Professor, but at this one moment she can't find in herself to care about either of those things, she doesn't know if there was a time she ever truly cared about those.

After all there isn't much to be appreciated when the only world known to you is limited by four walls, instructors, scheduled classes, training and meals.

_"__We will not fail to eliminate all our enemies!"_

This is what she has always desired for: to fight, to prove to everyone that she was a worthy warrior, someone who deserved more than to be cooped in a tower longing for the world seen through a window.

She is finally about to grasp her future, and if the people standing in the way of it will be her former countrymen so be it, one can't enter warfare without expecting losses on either side of it, she can feel that small, hidden, _eager_ part of her who wishes to gaze upon their faces once they are met with opposition such as the Lancers.

Serena will not retreat, she will not show mercy (and why would she when they show none either?) and most of all she will regret nothing.

_"__I swear to every one of you in this world!"_

11. Day 11 - Dreams

****Day 11 â€" Dreams****

****_A sequence of images passing through the mind during sleep_****

****_A state of the mind in which one does not pay attention to one's surroundings_****

****_A reverie about the future; reverie._****

****_A goal; aim; hope; aspiration_****

There he was again with that silly look on his face: the puckered lips, closed eyes and red face that would make a tomato envious, when his arms started to move in front of him as if gathering the air in front of him " or rather a _someone_ " she knew she had to intervene before he ended up kissing a lamppost

"Yugo! I've told you many times to look the where you're walking!" she chided him with the most commanding and nagging voice she could muster.

"Wha-" and there he went smacking his head into the metal pole.

Once he managed to come to his senses and she helped him to dust off a little bit he started they started their routine: he kept on denying he was distracted over anything, that it was her nagging that had made him hit his face while she just stood there with a raised eyebrow, waiting for him to finish.

"If you say so, what were you thinking so deeply about anyway?" As if she didn't already know the answer.

"Just you know stuff" he always looked so adorable whenever those blushes spread across his face and he got all stuttering and nervous.

"Oh, any chance it was about me and my nagging?" _'About us' _she mused in her head

"No, no, no, I mean of course I think about you alw- lots of times because we live together but I had a lot of thing s in my head, like the Friendship Cup! Yes that is what I was thinking about"

Rin didn't miss the Jack Atlas poster they had just passed.

"He, don't you dare to dream, you'll have to get through me to face Jack Atlas you know? And once I become King " She would change that ridiculous rule about the underground forced labor, she would storm into the place just to get to Yugo if that's what it took.

"Mmph! As if when I become King I will make you my Queen!" he exclaimed with a fist raised high in the air, before he slowly realized again what he just said and once again the color raised to the tips of his hair.

"I mean, I didn'-" she pressed her finger to his mouth to save him at least this once the embarrassment.

"Dream cost us nothing right?"

12. Day 13 - It's Showtime!

Day 13 " It's Showtime!

A theatrical production, performance, etc.

Show Business a radio or television program

****_A display of products by manufacturers in an industry._****

****_Exhibition._****

When Ruri catches a glimpse of the confetti explosion she can't help but turn her head so suddenly than she almost winces at the painful strain to her neck, it's not like celebrations are an unusual sight on Heartland, and especially not when numerous summer festivals are around the corner, no her attention had not been caught by the colors or the sounds, it was because of the performer.

Not only was he is he an enthusiastic entertainer â€" maybe a little too much? â€" It was the combination of a bright smile, disheveled head of orange hair and booming voice that caught her eyes.

And now it seemed that the feeling was mutual, noticing his green eyes set on her figure.

"It's Showtime!"

She couldn't help the yelp when the ground disappeared under her feet, for a moment she let herself admire the sight of the awed people and her town in the distance, it stirred something in her, a fuzzy feeling in the base of her belly and gave her chills, she could feel her mouth twitch at this newfound excitement

But before she could even get used to the feeling her feet found the floor again and as she tried to steady her gait, she noticed the orange mop of hair hunched below her waist, he was kneeling and requested a duel from her.

It was nothing special, she was sure of it, she wasn't even his first duel of the day.

But when he raised his face and smiled at her again, adding a wink for good measure Ruri couldn't stop the smile creeping on her face until it became a full-blown beaming grin.

Yes, this boy was indeed a performer.

* * *

><p>Yes, I skipped Day 12, because I literally just stared at the prompt (IKEA) and went blank, whatever reason this prompt even exist it completely eludes me (and yes I do know it's a furniture brand... still nothing)<p>

13. Day 14 - Bracelet Girls

****Day 14 â€" Bracelet Girls****

****_An ornamental band or circlet for the wrist or arm or, sometimes, for the ankle._****

****_Bracelets,****_A pair of handcuffs._****

****_A collar._****

Most of the time neither of them thinks _that _much about the bracelets, neither of them really remembers how exactly they've gotten it either, most people would probably think it weird, but for them it's just another part of their lives, a certainty, a _balance_.

But then there are always little moments that prevents them from completely thinking of them as normal.

Ever since she started attending middle school, Ruri has already lost count of the people who assumes it must be a gift from a "secret" boyfriend, no matter the number of times she and Yuto deny it, at some point a really sullen Shun tries to tell them that they have no need to keep their relationship hidden from him, eyes obviously posed on her wrist.

It was both embarrassing and hilarious for all of them, it not until after school that it dawns on her that Shun, her _brother,_ doesn't know where it comes from either.

...

Once upon a time, Rin had believed that hers was a memento left by her parents, she used to allow herself a silly fantasy: One day her parents would come to the Facility recognize her bracelet and take her back home where she belonged, dissolving on apologies for the hardships they imposed on her; if she is completely honest with herself she really can't " or won't - pinpoint the moment she dropped such delusions.

She tells herself that along with the fleeting moments she thinks she can see different pair of eyes staring back at her on the mirror, or looking at her hands and finding that somehow they just feel alien to her, they are just that: delusions.

...

Serena doesn't have time to think about inconsequential things, the only things that matter to her pride and the world she gets a glimpse of every morning, to stop and think about useless things such as trinkets or jewelry would be a waste of time, _'If it's so useless then, why not taking it off then?_' she hears herself asking every once in a while.

And she tries, oh how she tries, always at night, always on nights with a full moon, so far the farthest she's gotten is to her joint between her palms and fingers.

...

There are times when Yuzu catches herself gazing at her wrist lost in thought, usually when she's tired or alone, her fingers grazing carefully over the bands stopping into the little pink stone sitting at the center, still and dull, _waiting_. There is always a thought in the back of her head, nagging at something, but each time it eludes her.

_'_No, not yet'_ it seems to tell her, and Yuzu feels the world around her again, never remembering what - or why - she was just doing.

End
file.